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Doctor MERRYMAN:

OR,

NOTHING but MIRTH.

Being a

POE S Y

OF

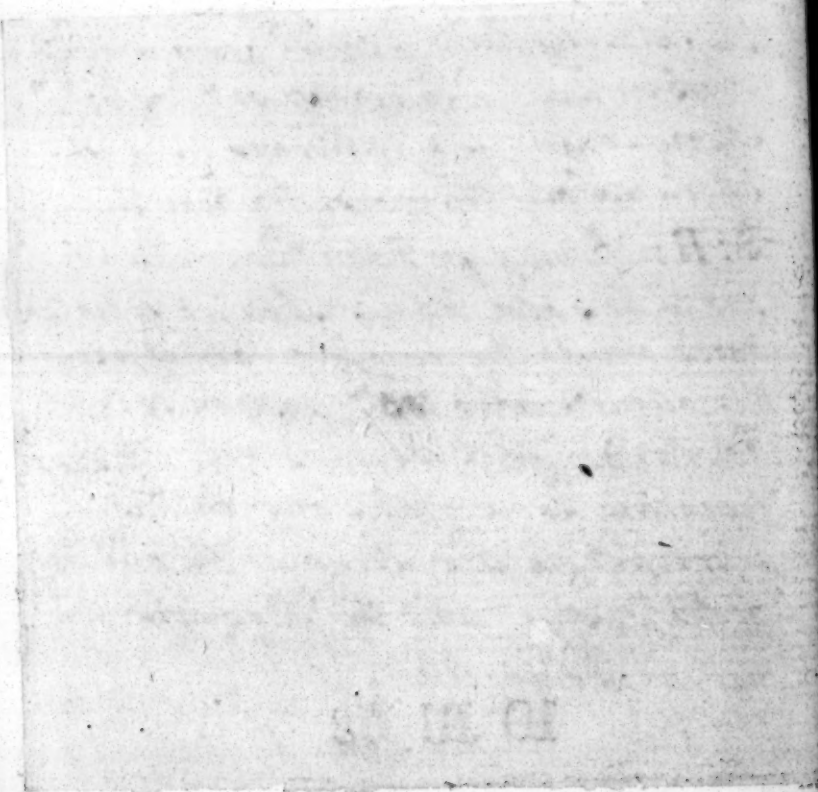
PLEASANT POEMS

AND

WITTY JESTS.



Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in
Bow-Church-Lard, London.



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Doctor MERRIMAN.



The Rifled Citizen.

A Citizen for recreation-sake,
 To see the country would a journey take
 Some dozen miles, or little more;
 Taking leave of friends two months before.
 With drinking healths and shaking hands also,
 As if to some newfoundland he would go.
 Then taking horse with very much ado,
 London he leaveth for a day or two.
 And as he rideth meeteth on the way.
 Such as (whate'er thou hast) do bid men stay.
 Sirrah said one, stand and your purse deliver;
 We are the takers, and you must be the giver.
 Unto a wood they straitway hawl him in,
 And rifle him unto the very skin;
 Masters said he, hear me before you go;
 For you have robbed more than you do know.
 My horse (in troth) I borrow'd of my brother,
 The bridle and the saddle of another;
 The jerkin and the baces be a sailer's;
 The scarf I do assure you is a taylor's.

The falling-band is likewise none of mine :
 Nor cuffs ; as true as this light doth shine.
 The sattin doublet and the silken hose
 Are our church-warden's all the parish knows.
 The boots are John's the grocer in the strand,
 The spurs were lent me by a serving-man.
 One of the rings (that with the great red stone)
 In sooth I borrow'd of my gossip Joan ;
 Her husband knows it not, kind gentlemen,
 This is my case, I pray shew favour then.
 Nay, said the thieves what need you to care,
 Since in your loss so many bear a share.
 The times grow bad, many good fellows lack,
 Look not at this time for a penny back.
 Go tell at London that you met with four,
 Who rising you have robbed half-a-score,

The Cheated Usurer.

A Money-monger choice of sureties had.
 A country fellow plain in russet clad.
 His doublet, mutton-taffety, sheep-skins.
 His sleeves at hands fasten'd with two pins.
 Upon his head a filthy greasy hat,
 That had a hole eat through by a rat.
 A leather-pouch that with a nap-hanch shut.
 One hundred hob-nails in his shoes were put.
 The stockings that his clownish legs did fit,
 Were kersey to the calf, the other knit.
 Then at a word, the apparel that he wore
 Was notworth twelve pence, at who bids more.

to end (4)
The other surety of another stuff,
His neck environ'd by a double ruff;
Made lawn and cambrick, such a common ware
Whose doublet set had falling-bands to spare,
Whose fashion new with late edition stood,
Whose rapier hilt imbru'd with golden blood.
Now these trappings made him seem so sound,
To pass his credit for an hundred pound.
So was accepted, ruffet-coat deny'd:
But when time came the money to be paid,
Old monsieur usurer did hunt him out.
Strange alteration struck his heart in doubt,
For in the computer he was gone to dwell,
And brokers had his painted cloaths to sell.
And the usurer then he understands
The clown refus'd was rich in house and lands.
Ready in rage to hang himself he swore
How silken knives should cozen him no more.

The young Heir's Wish,

A Wealthy miser's son upon a day
Met a poor youth that did intreat and pray
Something in charity in his distress,
Help for quoth he one that is fatherless.
Sirrah said he away be gone with speed,
I'll help none such, thou art a knave indeed.
Do you complain because you want a father,
Were it my case I should rejoice the rather.
For if thy father's death makes thee repine,
I would my father had excus'd thine.

The Dream Expounded

A Country fellow had a dream;
 which did his mind amaze;
 And starting up he wakes his wife;
 and thus to her he says;
 O woman rise and help your goose;
 for even the best we have
 Is presently at point to die;
 unless her life you save.

On either side of her I see
 an hungry fox doth sit;
 But staying upon courtesy
 who shall begin first bite.

Husband quoth she if this be all,
 I can your dream expound;
 The perfect meaning of the same
 I instantly have found.

The goose betwixt two foxes plac'd,
 which in your dream you saw;
 Is you yourself that proves a goose,
 in going still to law.

On either side a lawyer sits,
 and they do feathers pull;
 That in the end you will be found
 a bare and naked gull.

Wife, in good truth said he I think
 thou art just in the right,

My purse can witness to my grief,
 how they begin to bite.

I do resolve another course,
 and much commend thy wit;
 And leave the goose's part to them
 that have a mind to it.
 And if thou ever find that I
 to lawing humours fall,
 Let me be hang'd at Westminster:
 wife I'll forsake the hall.

The Fool Fitted.

A Crafty kind of knavish fool,
 (whereof there plenty be)
 Did break his master's looking-glass,
 and swore it was not he.
 His master did examine him,
 demanding whom it was?
 Sir if you'll be content said he,
 I'll tell you who it was.
 With that he led him to the hall,
 to fortune's picture there.
 Saying, it was fortune did the deed,
 she ought the blame to bear.
 His master takes a cudgel then,
 and belabours him withal:
 Then crying out for mercy then
 before his feet did fall.
 Nay said his master, it is not I:
 to fortune you must speak;
 For even she that cudgels you,
 the glass before did break,

*The Countryman Reprov'd: Or, the Subtle
Captain.*

A Sort of clowns for losses they sustain'd
By soldiers, to the captain sore complain'd,
With doleful words and very doleful faces.
They desired him to commiserate their cases.
Pray sir said one, do but redress our wrong
Such as have done it to thee belong.
Of all that e'er we had we are bereft
Except our very shirts there's nothing left.
The captain answers, fellows hear but me,
My soldiers robb'd you not I plainly see,
At your first speech you made me something
glad,
But your last words resolv'd the doubts I had,
For those that rifled you left shirts you say,
And I am sure mine carry all away.
By this I know an error you are in:
My soldiers would leave nothing but the skin.

The Advising Father.

ONE dying, left three sons,
whom he advice did give;
Of what professions to make choice,
whereby they best might live.
Unto the first he said,
law will be good for thee.
I know as long as there be men,
some wranglers still there'll be.

The second he did wish,

That a cannon's life to chuse:

For when others weep and mourn,

thou shalt thy singing use.

And to the third he said,

physick for thee is fit:

For earth will smother all the faults

physicians do commit.

The Contending Barber and the Mower.

A Barber and a mower did contend,

With much ado before the strife could end,

About the privilege that each did claim,

And thus the barber did his reasons frame.

I am the head of all the trades that be,

Even kings must sit bare-headed unto me,

The greatest monarch that on earth we find,

Puts off to me. Mower you come behind.

But he reply'd, barber in vain you jeer:

I have a privilege exceeds you far,

For when by me the grass with scythe is shorn,

Or that my sickle cutteth down the corn,

Upon the stumps I boldly dare intrude:

What barber on his work can dare do thus,

The Conceited Humourist.

AN humorous fantastick ass,

Whose wit and wealth was spent,

Did in all companies he came,

boast of his great descent.

And all the gentlemen he knew,
 unto his blood were base;
 For he could prove from Noah's flood
 his stock of royal race.
 Pray sir, (quoth one) take no more pains
 in this same worthy thing;
 For it is most apparent plain,
 from that old house you spring.
 You may just prove your pedigree
 from Noah unto this hour:
 Your ancestors good maions were,
 that wrought on Babel-Tower.
 And were I as your worship is,
 in spite of bricklayers hall;
 I would have trowel in my hand,
 a ladder, tray, and all.

The Railing Mountebank.

Gentlemen that approach my stall,
 To most rare physick I invite you all,
 Come near and hearken what I have to sell,
 And deal with me all those that are not well.
 In this same box I have a precious stuff,
 To give it praise I have not words enough,
 If any humour in your heads be crept,
 I'll find it out as if your beads were swept;
 Almost thro' Europe I have shown my face,
 And wonders have perform'd in every place.
 Behold this salve, I do not chuse to tye
 Whole hospitals have been cured thereby.

I do not stand here like a tatter'd slave,
 My velvet and my chain of gold I have,
 Which cannot be maintained by mens looks,
 Friends all the town is hardly worth my books,
 Here stand my coach and horses, 'tis my own,
 From hence to Turkey is my credit known,
 In sooth I cannot boast as many will.
 Let nothing speak for me but only skill:
 You see the thing like gingerbread lies here,
 My tongue cannot express to any ear
 Such sundry virtues that it doth contain,
 Or number half the worms that it has slain,
 If in your bellies there were crawlers bred,
 In multitudes like hairs upon your head,
 Within four hours space, or thereabouts,
 Of all the holes you have I'll search them out,
 And ferret them before that I have done,
 Then like the hare that forth the bush does run.
 Here is a wond'rous water for the eye,
 This for the stomach masters will you buy?
 When I am gone, you will repent too late,
 And then like fools among yourselves will prate.
 O! that we had the famous man again,
 He ne'er shall be employ'd in France and Spain.
 And for a storer you a box shall have,
 That will the lives of half a dozen save.
 My man is come, and in my ear he says,
 Go home, for me at least a hundred stays,
 All gentlemen, yet for your good you see
 I make them tarry, and attend for me.

If that you have no money, let me know,
 Physick of alms upon you I'll bestow,
 What doctor in the world can offer more?
 Such arrant clowns I never saw before.
 Here do you stand like owls to gaze on me,
 But not a penny from you can I see.
 A man shall come to do such dunces good,
 And can't have his meaning understood.
 To talk to senseless fools it is in vain,
 I'll see you hang'd ere I'll come here again.
 Be all diseas'd as bad as horses be,
 And die in ditches like to dogs for me,
 An old wife's medicine, parsley, thyme and sage
 May serve such buzzards in this scurvy age,
 Goose-grease and fennel, with a few deg dates,
 Are excellent for such dirty mates.
 Farewel some bempen balter be the charm,
 And stretch your necks as long as is mine arm.

The Feeble Widower.

ONE came to wooe a girl that was precise,
 And by the spirit did the flesh despise.
 Moving a secret march between them two,
 But she in footb and sadness would n't do.
 He did reply, so sweet and fair is she,
 Made of such stuff as all fair women be;
 Ought by the laws of nature to be kind,
 And shew herself to bear a woman's mind.
 Well sir, said she, ye men do much prevail,
 By cunning speeches, and a pleasant tale.

'Tis but a folly to be over-nice.

You shall. But twenty shillings is the price.

A brace of angels if you will bestow,

Come any time, I'm ready for the shot.

Well, he took leave, and with her husband met,

Told him by bond he was to pay a debt,

Intreating him to do so good a deed.

As lend him twenty shillings in his need,

Which very kind his present did extend,

And the other the same on his wife did spend,

So taking leave of her he goes his way,

Meeting his creditor in a few days,

And said, sir, I was at home for to pay

The money which you lent me t'other day,

And with your wife, because you was not there

I left it, pray sir, with my rudeness bear.

'Tis right said he, I'm glad I did you pleasure.

So he goes home, and asks his wife at leisure,

I pray sweet-heart was such a man with thee!

And did he leave twenty shillings for me?

She blush'd and said he'd been there indeed,

But you do ill husband to lend indeed.

The falsehood of the world you do not espy,

It is not good to trust before you do try.

Pray lend no more, for it may breed much strife,

To let such knaves come home to pay thy wife.

The Crafty FOX.

A Crew of foxes were on thieving set,

Together at a country henroost met,

Where the poor poultry went to grievous wreck,

For here they eat until their guts did crack.

Having well supp'd ready to go away,
 Without demanding what there was to pay,
 Said one to the rest pray friends hark to me,
 Let's point where our next meeting shall be,
 With all my heart said one above the rest,
 At such a farmer's, for his lambs are best:
 Nay quoth another, I do know a clown,
 Has got the fattest geese in all the town.
 Then masters said a grave ancient fox,
 Had been the death of many hens and cocks,
 The surest place to meet as I can tell,
 Is at the skinner's shop, and so farewell.

The Careful Shepherd.

A Careful shepherd that good eye did keep,
 Unto the safety of his grazing sheep,
 Perceiv'd a wolf thorough the hedge did cry,
 Sirrah said he what makes you here so nigh?
 Why said the wolf thou seest I do no ill,
 Thy flock is far enough upon the hill,
 Such justice now a days the people lack,
 The crow rides safely on the catties back,
 And not a word you speak to them at all,
 Yet but for looking on at me dost call,
 The proverb is true, for now I find it true,
 That once I heard my ancient grandam say,
 He that upon a bad name doth slight,
 Is half-hanged, and may be hanged quite,
 And I myself by truth can now alledge,
 Some better fear'd, than some look o'er the hedge.

The Simple Clerks.

A Bishop met two priests upon the way,
 And did salute 'em with the time of day,
 Good-morrow clerks to you both said he;
 Sir they reply'd no clerks but priests we be,
 Why said the bishop then I will consent
 Unto the title of your own content,
 Since you deny to carry scholars marks,
 Good-morrow to you priests that are no clerks.

Advice to Climbers.

ONE climbing up a tree, by hap,
 fell down and broke his arm,
 And did complain unto a friend
 of his unlucky harm.
 Would I had counsel'd you before,
 quoth he to whom he spoke,
 I know a trick for climbers, that
 they hurt shall never take.
 Neighbour, said he, I have a son,
 and he doth use to climb,
 Pray let me know the same for him
 against another time.
 Why thus quoth he let any man
 that lives climb ne'er so high,
 And make no more haste down than up,
 no harm can come thereby.

The Witty Fool, or foolish Gentleman.

AN aged gentleman sore sick did lie,
 Expecting life, that could not chuse but die,
 His fool came to him and intreated thus,
 Good master e'er you go away from us,
 Bestow on Jack that oft has made you laugh,
 Against he waxeth old, your walking-staff.
 I will said he, go take it there it is,
 But on condition Jack it shall be this,
 If you do meet with any whilst you live,
 More fool than thee, to him the staff then give.
 Master said he upon my life I will,
 But yet have hopes that I shall keep it still.
 As death drew near, and faintness did proceed,
 His master call'd for a divine with speed,
 For to prepare him unto heaven's way.
 The fool starts up, and hastily did say,
 O master, master, take your staff again,
 That proves you the worst fool of us twain.
 Have you lived fourscore years and odd,
 And all this time art unprepar'd for God.
 What greater fool can any meet withal,
 Who says he cannot come, when God does call,
 And is to seek about his soul's estate,
 When death is opening of the prison gate.
 Bear witness friends that I discharge me plain,
 Here master do now take your staff again.
 Upon the same condition I did take it,
 According as you will'd me I forsake it.

And over and above I will bestow
 This epitaph, that will your folly show,
Here lies a man at death did beaver claim,
But in his life-time never sought the same.

The Simple Clown, Or Crafty Soldier.

A Simple clown in Flanders,
 As he travelling had been,
 Having his wife in company,
 Came late into an Inn,
 A Spanish soldier being there,
 A guest unto the place;
 No sooner saw, but lik'd his wife,
 She had a comely face.
 And soon as they were gone to bed,
 Then boldly in comes he,
 And never said, friend, by your leave,
 But made their number three.
 The clown lay still, and felt a stir,
 But durst not speak for his life,
 At length his patience was so mov'd,
 He softly jogg'd his wife,
 And said to her, prithee intreat
 This Spaniard to be still.
 Can I speak Spanish, man, quoth she,
 You know I have no skill.
 But husband if you please to rise,
 And for the sexton go;

He understandeth Spanish well,
 I very well do know.
 Faith, and I'll fetch him strait, said he,
 and so the rustick goes;
 And softly sneaking out of doors,
 about his message goes.
 Mean time imagine what you will,
 to me it is unknown;
 But e'er her husband came again,
 the Spaniard he was gone.
 Which when the simple man perceiv'd,
 he fell to domineer.
 O wife, said he, for twenty pounds,
 I would he had been here;
 Tell me sweet heart, when I was gone,
 how long the knave did stay.
 Quoth she, you scarce was out of door,
 before he ran away.
 Wife, quoth the clown, thou mak'st me laugh,
 that he did fear me thus.
 Come let us take another napp,
 for his disturbing us.
 You see what comes of policy,
 and good discretion, wife.
 If I had been a hasty fool,
 it might have cost my life.

The

The Canting Bawd, or Covetous Wife.

I Am a profess'd courtezan,
 that lives by people's Sin;
 With half a dozen punks I keep,
 I have good comings-in.
 Such store of traders haunt my house,
 to find a lusty wench:
 That twenty gallants in a week
 do entertain the french.
 Your courtier and your citizen,
 your very rustick clown:
 Will spend an angel on the pox,
 even ready money down.
 I strive to live most lady-like,
 and scorn those silly queans,
 That do not rattle in their silks,
 and yet have able means.
 I have my dainty musick plays,
 when I would take my rest;
 I have my serving-men to wait
 upon me in blue coats.
 I have my oars that do attend
 my pleasure with their boats.
 I have my champions that will fight,
 my lovers that will fawn:
 I have my hat, my hood and mask,
 my fan, my cobweb lawn.
 To give my gloves unto a gull,
 is mighty favour found:

When for the wearing of the same,
 it cost him twenty pound.
 My garter is a precious thing,
 another takes away ;
 And for the same a silken gown
 the prodigal doth pay.
 Then comes an ass, and he forsooth
 is in such longing heat,
 My busk-point even on his knees,
 he doth with tears intreat.
 I grant it to rejoice the man,
 and then request a thing.
 Which is both gold and precious stone,
 the woodcock's diamond ring,
 Another lowly-minded youth
 forsooth my shoe-string craves,
 And that he putteth thro' his ear,
 calling the rest base slaves :
 Thus fit we fools in humour still,
 that come to us in game ;
 I punish them in venery,
 leaving their purses lame.
 Now in newgate some take lodgings up,
 till they to Tyburn ride,
 And others walk to Wood-street with
 a Serjeant by their side.
 Some go to Houndsditch with their cloaths,
 to pay for money-lending :
 And some we send to Surgeons shops,
 because they lack some mending.
 Others pass ragged up-and-down,

all tatter'd, rent and torn;
 But being in that scurvy state,
 their companies I scorn.
 For if they come and fawn on me,
 there's nothing to be got;
 As soon as e'er my merchants break,
 we swear we know them not.
 No entertainment nor a look
 shall e'er they get of me;
 If once we begin to perceive
 that out of cash they be.
 All kindnesses that I profess,
 the fairest shews we make;
 The love of all that comes to me,
 for gold and silver sake.
 To forward men I forward am,
 most frank unto the free:
 But such as take their wares on trust,
 are not to deal with me.
 The world is hard, all things are dear,
 kind fellowship decays.
 And every one seeks profit now,
 in these same hungry days.
 Altho' my trade it secret be,
 unlawful to be known,
 Yet I will make the best I can
 of that which is my own.
 For seeing I do venture fail,
 at price of whipping cheer
 I have no reason but to make
 my customers pay dear.

Our charge besides is very great,
 to keep them fine and brave;
 A Whore that goes not gallantly,
 shall little domgs have.
 Therefore all things consider'd well,
 our charges and our danger;
 A daily friend shall pay as much
 as any term-time stranger.

The Cunning Savage.

A Savage creature chanc'd to come,
 where civil people dwell;
 Whom they did kindly entertain
 and courteous with him dealt.
 They fed him with their choicest fare,
 to make his welcome known;
 And divers ways their human love
 was to the wild man shown.
 At length the weather being cold,
 one of them blew his nails.
 The Savage ask'd why he did so?
 and what his fingers ails?
 Marry queth he I make them warm,
 they are both cold and numb;
 And then they set them down to board,
 when supper-time was come.
 And he that blew his nails before,
 upon his broth did blow;
 Friend, said the Savage what means this?
 I pritcher let me know.

My broth said he is over-hot,
 and I do cool them thus.
 Farewell said he this deed of thine
 for ever parteth us.
 Hast thou a breath blows hot and cold,
 even at thy wish and will,
 I am not for thy company,
 pray keep thy supper still.
 And heat thy hands and cool thy broth,
 as I have seen thee do ;
 Such double dealers as thy-self
 I have no mind unto.
 But will retire into the woods,
 where I before have been.
 Resolving every double tongue
 hath a hollow heart within.

The Foolish Beggars.

A Lusty Beggar that was blind,
 but very strong of limb,
 Agreed with one that was lame in legs,
 that he would carry him ;
 And t'other was to guide the way,
 for he had perfect sight.
 Upon condition all they got,
 should still be shar'd at night ;
 So as they chanc'd to pass along,
 the cripple that had eyes ;
 Sitting upon the blind-man's back,
 on ground an oyster spies.

Stoop, take that oyster up said he,
 which at thy feet lies there:
 And so he did, and put it in,
 the scrip that he did wear,
 But going on a little way,
 said cripple to the blind;
 Give me the oyster you took up;
 I have thereto a mind.
 Not so, said t'other, by your leave
 in vain you do intreat it:
 For sure I keep it for my-self,
 and do intend to eat it.
 I'll have it sir, the cripple swore;
 who spy'd it thou or I?
 If that I had not seen and spake,
 it might have lain till now.
 It is no matter, said the blind;
 thou knowest it might have lain:
 Had I not stoop'd to take it up.
 therefore it shall be mine,
 And thus they warmly fell to words,
 and out in choler break,
 With you lame rogue, and you blind knave,
 not caring what they speak.
 At length it happen'd one came by,
 and heard them thus contend;
 And did intreat them both that he
 might this their discord end.
 They yield, and said, it shall be so;
 then he enquiring all

Did hear th' harrangue, and how about
 an oyster they did brawle
 Said he, my master, let me see
 the oyster makes this strife
 The blind-man straightway gave it him,
 then he present drew his knife
 And opening it, eat up the same,
 giving them each a shell
 And said good fellows pray be friends,
 I have your fish; farewell
 The beggars both deluded thus,
 at their sad folly smil'd
 And said, one subtle crafty knave
 has two great fools beguil'd.

F I N I S



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